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THE TWO
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.
A
COMEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's-Head*, in
Turn-again Lane, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be
had at his Shop the Sign of *Shakespear's Head* in
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and *Somerſet-Houſe*, in the *Strand*.

M DCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE, *Father to Silvia.*
Valentine, } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }

Anthonio, *Father to Protheus.*

Thurio, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

Eglamore, *Agent for Silvia in her Escape.*

Host, *where Julia lodges.*

Out-laws *with Valentine.*

Speed, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

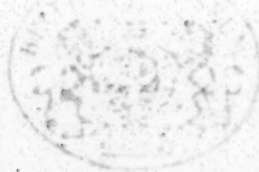
Launce, *the like to Protheus.*

Panthion, *Servant to Anthonio.*

Julia, *beloved of Protheus.*

Silvia, *beloved of Valentine.*

Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*



I rather
To see
Than,
Wear
But see
Even



THE TWO
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

VALENTINE.



EASE to persuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home keeping Youth have ever homely
Wits;
Wer't not Affection chains thy tender
Days,
To the sweet Glances of thy honour'd
Love,

I rather wou'd intreat thy Company,
To see the wonders of the World abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy Youth with shapeless Idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would when I to love begin.

A. 3

Pro.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine*, adieu;
 Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou haply seest
 Some rare Note-worthy Object in thy Travel:
 Wish me Partaker in thy Happiness
 When thou dost meet good Hap; and in thy Danger,
 If ever Danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy Grievance to my holy Prayers;
 For I will be thy Bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a Love-book pray for my Success?

Pro. Upon some Book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow Story of deep Love,
 How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deep Story of a deeper Love;
 For he was more than over Shoes in Love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over Boots in Love,
 And yet you never swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Over the Boots? Nay, give me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in Love, where Scorn is bought with Groans,
 Coy Looks, with heart-fore Sighs; one fading Moment's
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious Nights, [Mirth,
 If haply won, perhaps an hapless Gain:
 If lost, why then a grievous Labour won;
 However, but a Folly bought with Wit,
 Or else a Wit by Folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your Circumstance, you call me Fool.

Val. So by your Circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis Love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your Master; for he masters you.
 And he that is so yoked by a Fool,
 Methinks should not be chronicled for Wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say, as in the sweetest Bud
 The eaten Canker dwells; so eating Love
 Inhabits in the finest Wits of all.

Val. And Writers say, as the most forward Bud
 Is eaten by the Canker e'er it blow;
 Even so by Love the young and tender Wit,
 Is turn'd to Folly, blasting in the Bud,
 Losing his Verdure even in the Prime,
 And all the fair Effects of future Hopes.
 But wherefore waste I Time to counsel thee,
 That art a Votary to fond Desire?

Once more adieu : My Father at the Road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no : Now let us take our Leave,
At *Millan* let me hear from thee by Letters
Of thy Success in Love ; and what News else
Betideth here in Absence of thy Friend :
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All Happiness bechance to thee in *Millan*.

Val. As much to you at home ; and so farewell. [*Exit.*]

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Love ;
He leaves his Friends, to dignify them more ;
I love my self, my Friends, and all for Love.
Thou *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my Studies, lose my Time,
War with good Counsel, set the World at nought ;
Made Wit, with Musing, weak ; Heart sick, with Thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, save you ; saw you my Master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for *Millan*.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have plaid the Sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a Sheep doth very often stray,
And if the Shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my Master is a Shepherd then,
and I a Sheep ?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my Horns are his Horns, whether
I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly Answer, and fitting well a Sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a Sheep.

Pro. True, and thy Master a Shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a Circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The Shepherd seeks the Sheep, and not the Sheep
the Shepherd ; but I seek my Master, and my Master
seeks not me ; therefore I am no Sheep.

Pro. The Sheep for Fodder follow the Shepherd, the
Shepherd for Food follows not the Sheep ; thou for
Wages followest thy Master, thy Master for Wages
follows not thee ; therefore thou art a Sheep.

Speed. Such another Proof will make me cry *Baa*.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my Letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir; I, a lost Mutton, gave your Letter to her, a lac'd-Mutton; and she, a lac'd-Mutton, gave me, a lost-Mutton, nothing for my Labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of Muttons.

Speed. If the Ground be over-charg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a Pound shall serve me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the Pound, a Pin-fold.

Speed. From a Pound to a Pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a Letter to your Lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's Noddy.

Speed. You mistook, Sir, I said she did nod: And you ask me if she did nod, and I said, Ay,

Pro. And that set together, is Noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the Pains to set it together, take it for your Pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the Letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the Letter very orderly, Having nothing but the Word Noddy for my Pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick Wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow Purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the Matter in brief what said she?

Speed. Open your Purse, that the Money and the Matter may be both deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your Pains, what said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; No, not so much as a Ducket for delivering your Letter. And being so hard to me that brought your Mind.

I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling her Mind.

Give her no Token but Stones; for she's as hard as Steel.

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Speed.

Speed. No, Not so much as Take this for thy Pains :
To testify your Bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd
me :

In requital whereof, henceforth carry your Letter your
Self: And so, Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier Death on Shore.

I must go send some better Messenger :

I fear my *Julia* would not deign my Lines,

Receiving them from such a worthless Post. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in Love ?

Luc. Ay, Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair Resort of Gentlemen,
That every day with Parle encounter me,
In thy Opinion which is worthiest Love ?

Luc. Please you repeat their Names, I'll shew my Mind
According to my shallow simple Skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir *Eglamore* ?

Luc. As of a Knight well spoken, neat and fine ;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio* ?

Luc. Well of his Wealth ; but of himself so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus* ?

Luc. Lord, Lord ! to see what Folly reigns in us.

Jul. How now ? what means this Passion at his Name ?

Luc. Pardon, dear Madam ; 'tis a passing Shame,
That I, unworthy Body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely Gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest ?

Luc. Then thus ; of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your Reason ?

Luc. I have no other but a Woman's Reason ;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my Love on him ?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your Love not cast away.

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his Love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not Love that do not shew their Love.

Luc. Oh, they love least that let Men know their Love.

Jul. I would I knew his Mind.

Luc. Peruse this Paper, Madam.

Jul. To *Julia*; say, from whom?

Luc. That the Contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. *Sir Valentine's* Page; and sent, I think, from *Protheus*.
He would have given it you, but I being in the Way,
Did in your Name receive it; pardon the Fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my Modesty, a goodly Broker;
Dare you presume to harbour wanton Lines?
To whisper and conspire against my Youth?
Now trust me, 'tis an Office of great Worth,
And you an Officer fit for the Place.
There; take the Paper; see it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my Sight.

Luc. To plead for Love deserves more Fee than Hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.

Jul. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the Letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a Fault, for which I chid her.
What Fool is she that knows I am a Maid,
And would not force the Letter in my View?
Since Maids, in Modesty, say No to that
Which they would have the Profferer construe, Ay.
Fie, fie; how wayward is this foolish Love,
That like a testy Babe, will scratch the Nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the Rod?
How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here?
How angerly I taught my Brow to frown,
When inward Joy enforc'd my Heart to smile?
My Penance is, to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask Remission for my Folly past.
What ho! *Lucetta*.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your Ladyship?

Jul. Is't near Dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your Stomach on your Meat,
And

And not upon your Maid.

Jul. What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a Paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that Paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false Interpreter.

Jul. Some Love of yours hath writ to you in Rhime,

Luc. That I might sing it, Madam, to a Tune;
Give me a Note; your Ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such Toys as may be possible;
Beit sing it to the Tune of *Light O Love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a Tune.

Jul. Heavy? Belike it hath some Burthen then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your Song:
How now Minion?

Luc. Keep Tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like the Tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, Madam, 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, Minion, are too faucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the Concord with too harsh a Descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your Song.

Jul. The Mean is drown'd with your unruly Base.

Luc. Indeed I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Jul. This Babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a Coil with Protestation!

Go, get you gone; and let the Papers lie:
You would be fingring them to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another Letter. [Exit.]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
Oh hateful Hands to tear such loving Words;
Injurious Wasps, to feed on such sweet Honey,

And

And kill the Bees that yield it with your Stings!
 I'll kiss each several Paper for amends:
 Look, here is writ, kind *Julia*; unkind *Julia*!
 As in revenge of thy Ingratitude,
 I throw thy Name against the bruising Stones,
 'Trampling contemptuously on thy Disdain,
 Look here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*,
 Poor wounded Name! my Bosom as a Bed,
 Shall lodge thee 'till thy Wound be thoroughly heal'd;
 And thus I search it with a sovereign Kiss.
 But twice or thrice was *Protheus* written down:
 Be calm, good Wind, blow not a Word away,
 'Till I have found each Letter in the Letter,
 Except mine own Name: That some Whirl-wind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful hanging Rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
 Lo, here in one Line is his Name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus,
To the sweet Julia: That I'll tear away:
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining Names:
 Thus will I fold them one upon another;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, Dinner is ready, and your Father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these Papers lie, like Tell-tales here?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay I was taken up for laying them down:

Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a Month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, Madam, you may say what Sights you see,
 I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, wilt please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Anthonio and Panthion.

Ant. Tell me, *Panthion*, what sad Talk was that
 Wherewith my Brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd that your Lordship
 Would suffer him to spend his Youth at home,

While

While other Men of slender Reputation
Put forth their Sons to seek Preferment out:
Some to the Wars, to try their Fortune there;
Some to discover Islands far away;
Some to the studious Universities.
For any, or for all these Exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your Son, was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great Impeachment to his Age,
In having know no Travel in his Youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this Month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of Time;
And how he cannot be a perfect Man,
Not being try'd, nor tutor'd in the World:
Experience is by Industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift Course of time;
'Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your Lordship is not ignorant,
How his Companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his Royal Court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your Lordship sent him
There shall be practise Tilts and Turnaments, [thither;
Hear sweet Discourse, converse with Noblemen,
And be in Eye of every Exercise
Worthy his Youth and nobleness of Birth.

Ant. I like thy Counsel; well hast thou advis'd;
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The Execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest Expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's Court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good Esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor,
And to commend their Service to his Will.

Ant. Good Company: With them shall *Protheus* go.
And in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet Love, sweet Lines, sweet Life!
Here is her Hand, the Agent of her Heart;
Here is her Oath for Love, her Honour's Pawn.
O that our Fathers would applaud our Loves,

To seal our Happiness with their Consents.

O heav'nly *Julia*!

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a Word or two
Of Commendation sent from *Valentine*;
Delivered by a Friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter; let me see what News.

Pro. There is no News, my Lord, but that he writes
How haply he lives, how well belov'd,
And daili graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, Partner of his Fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his Wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordship's Will,
And not depending on his friendly Wish.

Ant. My Will is something sorted with his Wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an End.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some Time
With *Valentino* in the Emperor's Court:
What Maintenance he from his Friends receives,
Like Exhibition thou shalt have from me:
To-morrow be in readiness to go.
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you deliberate a Day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want't shall be sent after thee;
No more of Stay; to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, *Panthion*,; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his Expedition. [*Exe. Ant. and Pan.*]

Pro. Thus have I shun'd the Fire, for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my Father *Julia's* Letter,
Lest he should take Exceptions to my Love;
And with the vantage of mine own Excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my Love.
Oh, how the Spring of Love resembleth
Th' unncertain Glory of an *April* Day,
Which now shews all the Beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a Cloud takes all away.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is? My Heart accord thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers no.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. S I R, your Glove.

Val. Not mine ; my Gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha ? let me see : Ay, give it me, it's mine :

Sweet Ornament that decks a Thing divine.

Ah *Silvia ! Silvia !*

Speed. Madam *Silvia !* Madam *Silvia !*

Val. How now Sirrah ?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why Sir, who bad you call her ?

Speed. Your Worship, Sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to Sir, tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia* ?

Speed. She that your Worship loves ?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in Love ?

Speed. Marry, by these special Marks : First, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your Arms like a Male-content, to relish a Love-Song like a *Robin red-breast*, to walk alone like one that had the Pestilence, to sigh like a School-boy that had lost his *A,B,C*, to weep like a young Wench that had lost her Grandham, to fast like one that takes Diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to speak puling like a Beggar at *Hollowmas* : You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a Cock ; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the Lions ; when you fasted, it was presently after Dinner ; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of Money : And now you are metamorphos'd with a Mistress, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my Master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me ?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me ? they cannot.

Speed. Without you ? nay, that's certain : for without you were so simple, none else would : But you are so without these Follies, that these Follies are within you, and shine through you like the Water in an Urinal ; that not an Eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my Lady *Silvia* ?

Speed.

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at Supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that; Even she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd Sir?

Val. Not so fair, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her Beauty is exquisite,
But her Favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all Count.

Val. How painted? and how out of Count?

Speed. Marry Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no Man counts of her Beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her Beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O that you had mine Eyes, or your own Eyes had the Lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present Folly, and her passing Deformity: For he being in Love, could not see to garter his Hose; and you, being in Love, cannot see to put on your Hose.

Val. Belike, Boy, then you are in Love; for last Morning you could not see to wipe my Shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in Love with my Bed; I thank you, you swing'd me for my Love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In Conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your Affection would cease.

Val. Last Night she enjoind me
To write some Lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val.

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ ?

Val. No, Boy, but as well as I can do them :
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent Motion ! Oh exceeding Puppet !
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and Mistress, a thousand Good-morrows.

Speed. Oh ! 'give ye Good-ev'n ; here's a million of
Manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and Servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her Interest ; and she gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have write your Letter
Unto the secret, nameless Friend of yours ;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my Duty to your Ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle Servant, 'tis very Clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me. Madam, it came hardly off :
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much Pains ?

Val. No, Madam, so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet —

Sil. A pretty Period ; well, I guess the Sequel ;
And yet I will not name it, and yet I care not,
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you ;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will ; and yet, another yet. [*Aside.*]

Val. What means your Ladyship ?

Do you not like it ?

Sil. Yes, yes ; the Lines are very quaintly writ ;
But, since unwillingly, take them again ;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay ; you writ them, Sir, at my Request ;
But I will none of them ; they are for you :
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your Ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over ;
And if it please you, so ; if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, Madam, what then ?

Sil.

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your Labour ;
And so good-morrow, Servant. [Exit.

Speed. Oh Jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a Nose on a Man's Face, or a Weathercock on a Steeple;
My Master sues to her, and she hath taught her Tutor,
He being her Pupil, to become her Tutor :
Oh excellent Device ? was there ever heard a better ?
That my Master being the Scribe, to himself should write
the Letter ?

Val. How now, Sir ?
What are you reasoning with your self ?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the
Reason.

Val. To do what ?

Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom ?

Speed. To your self ; why, she wooes you by a Figure.

Val. What Figure ?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me ?

Speed. What need she,
When she hath made you Write to your self ?
Why, do you not perceive the Jest ?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, Sir :
But did you perceive her Earnest ?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry Word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her Friend. [an end.

Speed. And that Letter hath she deliver'd, and there's

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you 'tis as well :

For often have you writ to her, and she in Modesty,
Or else for want of idle Time could not again reply ;
Or fearing else some Messenger that might her Mind
discover, [her Lover.

Her self hath taught her Love himself to write unto
All this I speak in Print ; for in Print I found it.
Why muse you, Sir ? 'tis Dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir ; tho' the *Cameleon* Love
can feed on the Air, I am one that am nourish'd by my
Viſuals ; and would fain have Meat : Oh be not like
your Miſtreſs ; be moved, be moved. [Exit.

SCENE.

SCENE II.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Have Patience, gentle *Julia*.]

Jul. I must, where is no Remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this Remembrance for thy *Julia*'s sake. [*Giving a Ring*

Pro. Why then we'll make Exchange;
Here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the Bargain with a holy Kiss.

Pro. Here is my Hand for my true Constancy:
And when that Hour o'er-slips me in the Day,
Wherein I sigh not, *Julia*, for thy sake,
The next ensuing Hour some foul Mischance
Torment me, for my Love's Forgetfulness!
My Father stays my coming; answer not:
The Tide is now; nay, not thy Tide of Tears;
That Tide will stay me longer than I should: [*Exit Julia.*
Julia, farewell. What! gone without a Word?
Ay, so true Love should do; it cannot speak;
For Truth hath better Deeds than Words to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come;

Alas! this Parting strikes poor Lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Launce.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this Hour e'er I have done weeping; all the Kind of the *Launces* have this very Fault: I have receiv'd my Proportion, like the prodigious Son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's Court. I think *Crab*, my Dog, be the sowerest natur'd Dog that lives: My Mother weeping, my Father wailing, my Sister crying, our Maid howling, our Cat wringing her Hands, and all our House in a great Perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted Cur shed one Tear: He is a Stone, a very Pibble-stone, and has no more Pity in him than a Dog: A *Jew* would have wept to have seen our Parting; why, my Grandam, having no Eyes, look you, wept her self blind at my Parting. Nay, I'll shew you the manner of it: This Shoe is my Father; no, this left Shoe

is my Father; no, no, this left Shoe is my Mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser Sole; this Shoe with the Hole in it is my Mother, and this my Father; a Vengeance on't, there 'tis: Now, Sir, this Staff is my Sister; for look you, she is as white as a Lilly, and as small as a Wand; this Hat is Nan, our Maid; I am the Dog; no, the Dog is himself, and I am the Dog: Oh, the Dog is me, and I am my self; ay, so so; Now come I to my Father; Father, your Blessing; now should not the Shoe speak a Word for weeping; now should I kiss my Father; well, he weeps on; Now come I to my Mother; oh that she could speak now like a Would-woman; well, I kiss her; why there 'tis; here's my Mother's Breath up and down: Now come I to my Sister; mark the moan she makes: Now the Dog all this while sheds not a Tear, nor speaks a Word; but see how I lay the Dust with my Tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy Master is shipp'd and thou art to pull after with Oars: What's the Matter? why weep'st thou, Man? away Afs, you will lose the Tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the Tide were lost, for it is the unkindest Tide that ever any Man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest Tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my Dog.

Pant. Tut, Man, I mean, thou'lt lose the Flood; and in losing the Flood, lose thy Voyage; and in losing thy Voyage, lose thy Master; and in losing thy Master, lose thy Service; and in losing thy Service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy Tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my Tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Pant. In thy Tail.

Laun. Lose the Tide, and the Voyage, and the Master, and the Service, and the Tide; why, Man, if the River were dry, I am able to fill it with my Tears; if the Wind were down, I could drive the Boat with my Sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, Man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio and Speed.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay Boy, it's for Love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do Counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What Instance of the contrary?

Val. Your Folly.

Thu. And how quote you my Folly?

Val. I quote it in your Jerkin.

Thu. My Jerkin is a Doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your Folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*? do you change Colour?

Val. Give him leave, Madam; he is a kind of *Camelion*.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your Blood, than live in your Air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Aye Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always send e'er you begin.

Sil. A fine Volley of Words, Gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the Giver.

Sil. Who is that, Servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet Lady, for you gave the Fire: Sir *Thurio* borrows his Wit from your Ladyship's Looks, And spends what he borrows kindly in your Company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend Word for Word with me, I shall make your Wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir, you have an Exchequer of Words, And I think, no other Treasure to give your Followers:

For

For it appears by their bare Liveries,
That they live by your bare Words.

Sil. No more, Gentlemen, no more :
Here comes my Father.

Enter the Duke.

Du. Now, Daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your Father is in good Health :
What say you to a Letter from your Friends
Of much good News ?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankful
To any Messenger from thence.

Du. Know you *Don Antonio*, your Countryman ?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of Worth, and worthy Estimation,
And not without Desert so well reputed.

Du. Hath he not a Son ?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, a Son that well deserves
The Honour and Regard of such a Father.

Du. You know him well ?

Val. I knew him as myself, for from our Infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our Hours together :
And tho' myself have been an idle Truant
Omitting the sweet Benefit of time,
To clothe mine Age with Angel-like Perfection ;
Yet hath *Sir Protheus*, for that's his Name,
Made Use and fair Advantage of his Days ;
His Years but young, but his Experience old ;
His Head unmellow'd, but his Judgment ripe ;
And in a Word, for far behind his Worth
Come all the Praises that I now bestow,
He is compleat in Feature and in Mind,
With all good Grace to grace a Gentleman.

Du. Befrew me, Sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an Empress' Love,
As meet to be an Emperor's Counsellor :
Well, Sir, this Gentleman is come to me,
With Commendation from great Potentates ;
And here he means to spend his time awhile.
I think 'tis no unwelcome News to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Du. Welcome him then according to his Worth :
Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, *Sir Thurio* ;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him him to it :

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Pro

I will send him hither to you presently. [Exit Du.

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistress
Did hold his Eyes lockt in her Christal Looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other Pawn for Fealty.

Val. Nay sure, I think she holds them Prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and being blind,
How could he see his Way to seek out you?

Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty Pair of Eyes.

Thu. They say that Love hath not an Eye at all.

Val. To see such Lovers, *Thurio*, as yourself:
Upon a homely Object Love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the Gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus*: Mistress I beseech you
Confirm this Welcome with some special Favour.

Sil. His Worth is Warrant for his Welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: Sweet Lady entertain him
To be my Fellow-servant to your Ladyship.

Sil. Too low a Mistress for so high a Servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady; but too mean a Servant
To have a Look of such a worthy Mistress.

Val. Leave off Discourse of Disability:
Sweet Lady entertain him for your Servant.

Pro. My Duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And Duty never yet did want his Meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless Mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Thu. Madam, my Lord, your Father would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his Pleasure; Come, Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me: Once more, new Servant, welcome,
I'll leave you to confer of home Affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your Ladyship.

[Exit Silvia and Thu.

Val. Now tell me how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your Friends are well, and have the n much

Val. And how do yours? [commended.

Pro. I left them all in Health.

Val.

Val. How does your Lady? and how thrives your Love?

Pro. My Tales of Love were wont to weary you ;
I know you joy not in a Love-discourse.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that Life is alter'd now ;
I have done Penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious Thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter Fasts, with penitential Groans,
With nightly Tears and daily heart-fore Sighs :
For in revenge of my Contempt of Love,
Love hath chac'd Sleep from my enthralled Eyes,
And made them Watchers of mine own Heart's Sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Love's a mighty Lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no Woe to his Correction ;
Nor to his Service, no such Joy on Earth.
Now no Discourse, except it be of Love ;
Now can I break my Fast, dine, sup and sleep
Upon the very naked Name of Love.

Pro. Enough : I read your Fortune in your Eye.
Was this the Idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heav'nly Saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me ; for Love delights in Praise.

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter Pills,
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the Truth by her : If not divine,
Yet let her be a Principality,
Sovereign to all the Creatures on the Earth.

Pro. Except my Mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Love.

Pro. Have I not Reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :
She shall be dignify'd with this high Honour,
To bear my Lady's Train, lest the base Earth
Should from her Vesture chance to steal a Kiss ;
And of so great a Favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the Summer-swelling Flower,
And make rough Winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what Bragadism is this ?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus* ; all I can is nothing, To

To her, whose Worth makes other Worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the World: Why, Man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a Jewel,
As twenty Seas, if all their Sand were Pearl,
The Water Nectar, and the Rock pure Gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my Love.
My foolish Rival, that her Father likes,
Only for his Possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For Love, thou know'st, is full of Jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

[riage Hour

Val. Ay, and we are betrothed; nay more our Mar-
With all the cunning manner of our Flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her Window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the Means
Plotted and 'greed on for my Happiness:
Good *Protheus* go with me to my Chamber,
In these Affairs to aid me with thy Counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth,
I must unto the Road, to disembark
Some Necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

[Exit. Val.]

Even as one Heat another Heat expels,
Or as one Nail by Strength drives out another;
So the Remembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer Object quite forgotten:
Is it mine then, or *Valentino's* Praise?
Her true Perfection, or my false Transgression,
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is *Julia*, that I love;
That I did love, for now my Love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen Image 'gainst a Fire,
Bears no Impression of the Thing it was:
Methinks my Zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O! but I love his Lady too too much;
And that's the Reason I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more Advice,

B

That

That thus without Advice begin to love her ?
 'Tis but her Picture I have yet beheld,
 And that hath dazled so my Reason's Light :
 But when I look on her Perfections,
 'There is no Reason but I shall be blind.
 If I can check my erring Love, I will ;
 If not, to compass her I'll use my Skill.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

*Enter Speed and Launce.**Spe. Launce, by mine Honesty welcome to Padua.*

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet Youth ; for I am
 not welcome : I reckon this always, that a Man is ne-
 ver undone 'till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a
 Place 'till some certain shot be paid, and the Hostess
 say Welcome.

Spe. Come on, you Mad-cap ; I'll to the Ale house
 with you presently, where, for one Shot of five-pence,
 thou shalt have five thousand Welcomes But, Sirrah,
 how did thy Master part with Madam *Julia* ?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in Earnest, they parted
 very fairly in Jest.

Spe. But shall she marry him ?

Laun. No.

Spe. How then ? Shall he marry her ?

Laun. No, neither.

Spe. What, are they broken ?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a Fish.

Spe. Why then, how stands the matter with them ?

Laun. Marry thus ; when it stands well with him, it
 stands well with her.

Spe. What an Ass art thou ? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a Block art thou, that thou can't not ?
 My Staff understands me.

Spe. What thou say'st ?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too : Look thee, I'll but
 lean, and my Staff understands me.

Spe. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and understand is all one.

Spe. But tell me true, will't be a Match ?

Laun. Ask my Dog : If he say ay, it will ; if he say
 no, it will ; if he shake his Tail, and say nothing, it will.

S. c.

Spe. The Conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a Secret from me, but by a Parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so: But *Launce*, how say'st thou, that my Master is become a notable Lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson Ass, thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why Fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy Master.

Speed. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himself in Love: if thou wilt go with me to the Alehouse, so; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the Name of a *Christian*.

Speed. Why.

Laun. Because thou hast not so much Charity in thee as to go to the Alehouse with a *Christian*: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy Service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*; shall I be forsworn?
To love fair *Silvia*; shall I be forsworn?
To wrong my Friend, I shall be much forsworn:
And ev'n that Pow'r which gave me first my Oath,
Provokes me to this freehold Perjury.

Love bad me swear, and Love bids me forswear:

O sweet suggeting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,

Teach me, thy tempted Subject, to excuse it.

At first I did adore a twinkling Star,

But now I worship a celestial Sun:

Unheedful Vows may heedfully be broken;

And he wants Wit that wants resolved Will,

To learn his Wit t'exchange the bad for better:

Fie, fie, unreverend Tongue, to call her bad,

Whose Sov'reignty so oft thou hast preferr'd,

With twenty thousand Soul-confirmed Oaths.

I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:

But there I leave to love where I should love:

Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose:
 If I keep them, I needs must lose my self:
 If I lose them, thus find I but their Loss,
 For *Valentine*, my self, for *Julia*, *Silvia*:
 I to my self am dearer than a Friend;
 For Love is still most precious in it self:
 And *Silvia*, witness Heav'n that made her fair,
 Shews *Julia* but a swarthy *Ethiope*.
 I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
 Remembring that my Love to her is dead:
 And *Valentine* I'll hold an Enemy,
 Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter Friend:
 I cannot now prove constant to my self,
 Without some Treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
 'This Night he meaneth, with a corded Ladder,
 'To climb celestial *Silvia*'s Chamber Window,
 My self in Council his Competitor:
 Now presently I'll give her Father Notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended Flight;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish *Valentine*;
 For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his Daughter.
 But *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly Trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull Proceeding.
 Love lend me Wings, to make my Purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me Wit to plot his Drift. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, *Lucetta*; gentle Girl, assist me,
 And even in kind Love I do conjure thee,
 Who art the Table wherein all my Thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
 To lessen me, and tell me some good Mean,
 How with my Honour I may undertake
 A Journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the Way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true devoted Pilgrim is not weary
 To measure Kingdoms with his feeble Steps,
 Much less shall she, that hath Love's Wings to fly;
 And when the Flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine Perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc.

Luc. Better forbear 'till *Protheus* make Return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his Looks are my Soul's Food?

Pity the Dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that Food so long a Time :
Didst thou but know the inly Touch of Love,
Thou would'st it as soon go kindle Fire with Snow,
As seek to quench the Fire of Love with Words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your Love's hot Fire,
But qualify the Fire's extream Rage,
Lest it should burn above the Bounds of Reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns :
The Current that with gentle Murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stoppt, impatiently doth rage ;
But when his fair Course is not hindered,
He makes sweet Musick with th' enamel'd Stones,
Giving a gentle Kiss to every Sedge
He overtaketh in his Pilgrimage .
And so by many winding Nooks he strays,
With willing Sport, to the wild Ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my Course ;
I'll be as patient as a gentle Stream,
And make a Pastime of each weary Step,
'Till the last Step have brought me to my Love ;
And there I'll rest, as, after much Turmoil,
A blessed Soul doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what Habit will you go along?

Jul. Not lik a Woman ; for I would prevent
The loose Encounters of lascivious Men :
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such Weeds
As may beseem some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladyship must cut your Hair.

Jul. No, Girl ; I'll knit it up in silken Strings,
With twenty odd conceited true-love Knots :
To be fantastick, may become a Youth
Of greater Time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What Fashion, Madam, shall I make your Breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as tell me, good my Lord,
What Compass you will wear your Farthingale :
Why, even what Fashion thou best like'st, *Lucetta*.

Luc. You must needs have them with a Codpiece,
Madam.

Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta*, that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round Hose, Madam, now's not worth a Pin:
Unless you have a Codpiece to stick Pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, Wench, how will the World repute me
For undertaking so unflaid a Journey?
I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If thou think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that *I* will not.

Luc. Then never dream on Infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your Journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Jul. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my Fear:
A thousand Oaths, an Ocean of his Tears,
And Instances as infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are Servants to deceitful Men.

Jul. Base Men that use them to so base Effect:
But truer Stars did govern *Protheus* Birth;
His Words are Bonds, his Oaths are Oracles,
His Love sincere, his Thoughts immaculate,
His Tears pure Messengers sent from his Heart,
His Heart as far from Fraud as Heav'n from Earth.

Luc. Pray Heaven he prove so when you come to him.

Jul. Now as thou lov'st me, do him not that Wrong,

To bear a hard Opinion of his Truth;
Only deserve my Love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my Chamber,
To take a Note in what I stand in Need of,
To furnish me upon my longing Journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy Dispose,
My Goods, my Lands, my Reputation,
Only in Lieu thereof dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not; but to it presently:
I am impatient of my Tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Thurio and Protheus.

Duke. **S**IR *Thurio* give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have some Secrets to confer about.

[Exit Thurio.]

Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your Will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would discover
The Law of Friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious Favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My Duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which else no worldly Good should draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine*, my Friend,
This Night intends to steal away your Daughter:
My self am one made privy to the Plot.

I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle Daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much Vexation to your Age.
Thus, for my Duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my Friend in his intended Drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your Head
A pack of Sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless Grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This Love of theirs my self have often seen,
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her Company, and my Court:
But fearing lest my jealous Aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the Man,
A Rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd;
I gave him gentle Looks, thereby to find
That which thy self hath now disclos'd to me.
And that thou may'st perceive my Fear of this,
Knowing that tender Youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper Tower,
The Key whereof my self have ever kept;

And

And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble Lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her Chamber-Window will ascend,
And with a corded Ladder fetch her down ;
For which the youthful Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently :
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly,
That my Discovery be not aimed at ;
For Love of you, not hate unto my Friend,
Hath made me publisher of this Pretence.

Duke. Upon mine Honour, he shall never know
That I had any Light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my Lord ; Sir *Valentine* is coming. [*Ex. Pro.*]

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your Grace there is a Messenger
That stays to bear my Letters to my Friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The Tenure of them doth but signifie
My Health, and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter ; stay with me a while ;
I am to break with thee of some Affairs
That touch me near ; wherein you must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my Friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my Daughter.

Val. I know it well, my Lord, and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable ; besides, the Gentleman
Is full of Virtue, Bounty, Worth and Qualities,
Reseeming such a Wife as your fair Daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me, she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking Duty ;
Neither regarding that she is my Child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her Father :
And may I say to thee, this Pride of hers,
Upon Advice, hath drawn my Love from her ;
And where I thought the Remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her Child-like Duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a Wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in :
Then let her beauty be her Wedding-Dowre ;
For me and my Possessions she esteems not-

Val.

Adv.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a Lady in *Verona* here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged Eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor;
For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the Fashion of the Time is chang'd,
How, and which way I may bestow my self,
To be regarded in her Sun-bright Eye.

Val. Win her with Gifts, if she respects not Words;
Dumb Jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick Words, do move a Woman's Mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a Present that I sent her.

Val. A Woman sometimes scorns what best contents her;
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For Scorn at first makes After-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in Hate of you,
But rather to beget more Love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the Fools are mad if left alone.
Take no Repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, Get you gone, she doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their Graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have Angels Faces.
That Man that hath a Tongue, I say, is no Man,
If with his Tongue he cannot win a Woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her Friends
Unto a youthful Gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from Resort of Men,
'That no Man hath Access by Day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by Night.

Duke. Ay, but the Doors be lockt, and Keys kept safe,
That no Man hath Recourse to her by Night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her Window?

Duke. Her Chamber is aloft far from the Ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his Life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring Hooks,
Would serve to scale another *Hero's* Tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now as thou art a Gentleman of Blood,
Advise me where I may have such a Ladder.

The two Gentlemen

Val. When would you use it? pray Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very Night; for Love is like a Child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a Clock I'll get you such a Ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my Lord, that you may bear it
Under a Cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A Cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Aye, my Good Lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy Cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any Cloak will serve the turn, my Lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a Cloak?
I pray thee let me feel thy Cloak upon me.
What Letter is this same? What's here? to *Silvia*?
And here an Engine fit for my Proceeding?
I'll be so bold to break the Seal for once. [*Duke Reads.*

*My Thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And Slaves they are to me that send them flying:
Oh, could their Master come, and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where, senseless, they are lying:
My Herald Thoughts in thy pure Bosom rest them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curse the Grace that with such Grace hath blest them;
Because my self do want my Servants Fortune:
I curse my self, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord would be.*

What's here? *Silvia*, this Night will I enfranchise thee:

'Tis so; and here's the Ladder for the Purpose.

Why *Phaeton*, for thou art *Merop's* Son,

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heav'nly Car?

And with thy daring Folly burn the World?

Wilt thou reach Stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base Intruder! over-weaning Slave!

Bestow thy fauning Smiles on equal Mates,

And think my Patience, more than thy Desert,

Is Privilege for thy Departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the Favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if you linger in my Territories,

Longer

Longer than swiftest Expedition
Will give thee time to leave our Royal Court,
By Heav'n, my Wrath shall far exceed the Love
I ever bore my Daughter, or thy self:
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain Excuse,
But as thou lov'st thy Life, make speed from hence.

[Exit.

Val. And why not Death rather than living Torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from my self,
And *Silvia* is my self; banish'd from her
Is self from self: A deadly Banishment!
What Light is Light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
What Joy is Joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the Shadow of Perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the Night,
There is no Musick in the Nightingale:
Unless I look on *Silvia* in the Day,
There is no Day for me to look upon:
She is my Essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair Influence.
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not Death to fly his deadly Doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on Death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from Life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, Boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. Soa-hough, Soa-hough —

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There's not an Hair on's Head but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then; his Spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing; I pray you.

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend *Valentine*, a Word.

Val.

Val. My Ears are stopt, and cannot hear good News,
So much of bad already hath possiess't them.

Pro. Then in dumb Silence will I bury mine ;
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead ?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for sacred *Silvia* :
Hath she forsworn me ?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me :
What is your News ?

Laun. Sir, there is a Proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd ; oh that's the News,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy Friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this Woe already ;
And now Excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banished ?

Pro. Ay, ay, and she hath offered to the Doom,
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual Force,
A Sea of melting Pearl, which some call Tears :
Those as her Father's churlish Feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her Knees, her humble self,
Wringing her Hands, whose Whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for Wo.
But neither bended Knees, pure Hands held up,
Sad Sighs, deep Groans, nor silver-shedding Tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire ;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her Intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy Repeal was suppliant,
That to close Prison he commanded her,
With many bitter Threats of biding there.

Val. No more, unless the next Word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant Power upon my Life :
If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine Ear,
As ending Anthem of my endless Dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study Help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the Nurse and Breeder of all Good :
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy Love ;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy Life.
Hope is a Lover's Staff, walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing Thoughts.

Thy

Thy Letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white Bosom of thy Love.
The time now serves not to expostulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the City-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy Love-affairs :
As thou lov'st *Silvia*, tho' not for thy self,
Regard thy Danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou see'st my Boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-Gate.

Pro. Go Sirrah, find him out : Come *Valentine* !

Val. O my dear *Silvia* ! hapless *Valentine* ! [*Exeunt.*

Laun. I am but a Fool, look you, and yet I have the
Wit to think my Master is a kind of a Knave : But that's
all one, if he be but one Knave. He lives not now that
knows me to be in love, yet I am in love ; but a Teem
of Horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I
love, and yet 'tis a Woman ; but what Woman I will not
tell my self ; and yet 'tis a Milk-maid : yet 'tis not a
Maid, for she hath had Gossips ; yet 'tis a Maid, for she
is her Master's Maid and serves for Wages : She hath
more Qualities than a Water-Spaniel, which is much in
a bare Christian. Here is the Cat-log [*Pulling out a
Paper*] of her Conditions ; *Imprimis*, She can fetch and
carry ; why a Horse can do no more, nay a Horse cannot
fetch, but only carry ; therefore is she better than a
Jade. *Item*, she can milk ; look you, a sweet Virtue
in a Maid with clean Hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce* ? What News with
your Mastership ?

Laun. With my Mastership ? Why, it is at Sea.

Speed. Well, your old Vice still ; mistake the Word :
What News then in your Paper ?

Laun. The blackest News that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why Man, how black ?

Laun. Why, as black as Ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, Jolthead, thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee ; tell me this, who begot thee ?

Speed.

Speed. Marry, the Son of my Grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate Loiterer, it was the Son of thy Grand-mother ; this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come Fool, come, try me in thy Paper.

Laun. There, and S. *Nicholas* be thy *Speed*.

Speed. *Imprimis*, she can milk.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item*, she brews good Ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the Proverb, *Blessing of your Heart, you brew good Ale*.

Speed. *Item*, she can sowe.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Can she so ?*

Speed. *Item*, she can knit.

Laun. What need a Man care for a Stock with a Wench, When she can knit him a Stock !

Speed. *Item*, she can wash and scour.

Laun. A special Virtue, for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item*, she can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the World on Wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. *Item*, she hath many nameless Virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say *Bastard Virtues*, that indeed know not their Fathers, and therefore have no Names.

Speed. Here follows her Vices.

Laun. Close at the Heels of her Virtues.

Speed. *Item*, she is not to be kist fasting, in respect of her Breath.

Laun. Well, that Fault may be mended with a Breakfast: Read on.

Speed. *Item*, she hath a sweet Mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour Breath.

Speed. *Item*, she doth talk in her Sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her Talk.

Speed. *Item*, she is slow in Words.

Laun. Oh Villain ! That set down among her Vices ! To be slow in Words is a Woman's only Virtue :

I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chief Virtue.

Speed. *Item*, she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too :

It was Eve's Legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. *Item*, she hath no Teeth.

Laun,

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love Crufts.

Speed. Item, she is curst.

Laun. Well, the best is she hath no Teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, she will often praise her Liquor.

Laun. If her Liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will, for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, she is too liberal.

Laun. Of her Tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her Purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut; now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, she hath more Hairs than Wit, and more Faults than Hairs, and more Wealth than Faults.

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that Article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, she hath more Hair than Wit.

Laun. More Hair than Wit; it may be I'll prove it: The Cover of the Salt hides the Salt, and therefore it is more than the Salt; the Hair that covers the Wit is more than the Wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more Faults than Hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous: Oh that that were out.

Speed. And more Wealth than Faults.

Laun. Why that Word makes the Faults gracious: Well, I'll have her; and if it be a Match, as nothing is impossible —

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy Master stays for thee at the North-Gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? He hath staid for a better Man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? Pox on your Love Letters.

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter: An unmannerly Slave, that will thrust himself into Secrets. I'll after, to rejoyce in the Boy's Correction.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her Sight.

Thu. Since his Exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my Company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weak impress of Love, is as a Figure
Trenched in Ice, which with an Hour's Heat
Dissolves to Water, and doth lose his Form.
A little time will melt her frozen Thoughts,
And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now Sir *Protheus*; is your Countryman,
According to our Proclamation gone;

Pro. Gone, my good Lord.

Du. My Daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my Lord, will kill that Grief.

Du. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not so.

Protheus, the good Conceit I hold of thee,
For thou hast shown some sign of good Desert,
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The Match between Sir *Thurio* and my Daughter.

Pro. I do, my Lord.

Du. And also I do think thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my Will.

Pro. She did, my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the Girl forget
The Love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*.

Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*
With Falshood, Cowardise and poor Descent:
Three things that Women highly hold in Hate.

Du. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in Hate.

Pro. Ay, if his Enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must with Circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his Friend.

Du.

Du. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my Lord, I shall be loth to do ;
Tis an ill Office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very Friend.

Du. Where your good Word cannot advantage him,
Your Slander never can endamage him ;
Therefore the Office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your Friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd my Lord : If I can do it,
By ought that I can speak in his Dispraise,
She shall not long continue Love to him.
But say this wean her Love from *Valentine*,
It follows not that she will love Sir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her Love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me :
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in Worth dispraise Sir *Valentine*.

Du. And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on *Valentine's* Report,
You are already Love's firm Votary,
And cannot soon Revolt and change your Mind.
Upon this Warrant shall you have Access,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large :
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your Friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your Persuasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my Friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay Lime, to tangle her Desires
By wailful Sonnets, whose composed Rhimes
Shall be full fraught with serviceable Vows.

Du. Ay, much is the Force of Heav'n bred Poësie.

Pro. Say, that upon the Altar of her Beauty
You sacrifice your Tears, your Sighs, your Heart :
Write till your Ink be dry, and with your Tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling Line
That may discover such Integrity :
For *Orpheus* Lute was strung with Poets Sinews,
Whose golden Touch could soften Steel and Stones,
Make Tigers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forake unfounded Deeps, and dance on Sands.

After

After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
 Visit by Night your Lady's Chamber-Window
 With some sweet Consort: To their Instruments
 Tune a deploring Dump; the Night's dead Silence
 Will well become some sweet complaining Grievance.
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

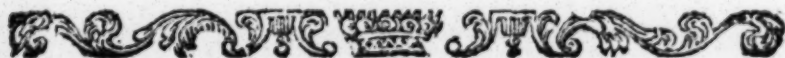
Du. This discipline shews thou hast been in Love.

Thu. And thy Advice this Night I'll put in practise;
 Therefore sweet *Protheus*, my Direction-giver,
 Let us into the City presently
 To sort some Gentlemen well skill'd in Musick:
 I have a Sonnet that will serve the turn
 To give the Onset to thy good Advice.

Du. About it Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace till after Supper,
 And afterwards determine our Preceedings.

Du. Even now about it. *I will pardon you. [Exeunt.*



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *a Forest.*

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *Out.* **F**ellows, stand fast: *I see a Passenger.*

2 *Out.* **I**f there be ten, shrink not, but down with'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us that you have about ye,
If not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the Villains
 That all the Travellers do fear so much.

Val. My Friends.

1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your Enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay by my Beard will we; for he is a proper

[*Man.*
Val.

Val. Then know that *I* have little to lose ;
A Man *I* am, cross'd with Adversity ;
My Riches are these poor Habiliments
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the Sum and Substance that *I* have.

2 Out. Whither travel you ?

Val. To *Verona*.

1 Out. Whence came you ?

Val. From *Millan*.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there !

Val. Some sixteen Months, and longer might have staid
If crooked Fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence ?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what Offence ?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse :
I kill'd a Man, whose Death I much repent ;
But yet I slew him manfully in Fight,
Without false Vantage, or base Treachery.

1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banished for so small a Fault ?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a Doom.

1 Out. Have you the Tongues ?

Val. My youth Travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare Scalp of *Robin Hood's* fat Friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild Faction.

1 Out. We'll have him. Sirs a Word.

Speed. Master, be one of them :

It's an honourable Kind of Thievery.

Val. Peace, Villain.

2 Out. Tell us this; have you any thing to take to ?

Val. Nothing but my Fortune.

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the Fury of ungovern'd Youth
Thrust from the Company of awful Men :
Myself was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steal away a Lady,
An Heir, and Niece, ally'd unto the Duke.

2 Out. And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who in my Mood, I stabb'd unto the Heart.

1 Out. And I for such like pretty Crimes as these.
But to the Purpose ; for we cite our Faults,

That

That they may hold excus'd our Lawless Lives;
 And partly seeing you are beautify'd
 With goodly Shape, and by our own Report,
 A Linguist, and a Man of such Perfection
 As we do in our Quality much want.

2 *Out.* Indeed because you are a banish'd Man,
 Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you;
 Are you content to be our General?
 To make a Virtue of Necessity,
 And live as we do in the Wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our Comfort,
 Say Ay, and be the Captain of us all:
 We'll do thee Homage, and be rul'd by thee,
 Love thee as our Commander and our King.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our Courtesie, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your Offer, and will live with you,
 Provided that you do no Outrages
 On silly Women, or poor Passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base Practices.
 Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our Crews,
 And shew thee all the Treasure we have got;
 Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy Dispose. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already have been false to *Valentine*,
 And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*,
 Under the Colour of commending him,
 I have Access my own Love to prefer;
 But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless Gifts.
 When I protest true Loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my Falshood to my Friend:
 When to her Beauty I commend my Vows,
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn
 In breaking Faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd.
 And notwithstanding all her sudden Quips,
 The least whereof would quell a Lover's Hope,
 Yet, Spaniel-like, the more she spurns my Love,
 The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
 But here comes *Thurio*: Now must we to her Window,
 And

And give some Evening Musick to her Ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for you know that Love Will creep in Service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do, or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your Sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own: Now Gentlemen Let's turn, and to it hastily a while.

Enter Host, and Julia in Boys Cloaths.

Host. Now my young Guest; methinks you're really cholly: I pray what is it?

Jul. Marry, mine *Host*, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear Musick, and see the Gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be Musick.

Host. Hark, hark.

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but Peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all her Swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she,
The Heav'n such Grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
Is she kind as she is fair?
For Beauty lives with Kindness.
Love doth to her Eyes repair,
To help him of his Blindness:
And being help'd inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal Thing
Upon the dull Earth dwelling:
To Her let us Garlands bring.

Host:

Hof. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, Man? the Musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the Musician likes me not.

Hof. Why, my pretty Youth?

Jul. He plays false, Father.

Hof. How, out of Tune on the Strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet

So false, that he grieves my very Heart-strings.

Hof. You have a quick Ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a
slow Heart.

Hof. I perceive you delight not in Musick.

Jul. Not a Whit, when it jars so.

Hof. Hark what fine Change is in the Musick.

Jul. Ay; that Change is the Spight

Hof. You would have them always play but one Thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one Thing.

But, *Hof.* doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this Gentlewoman?

Hof. I tell you what *Launce*, his Man, told me,
He lov'd her out of all Nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce*?

Hof. Gone to seek his Dog, which To-morrow, by
his Master's Command, he must carry for a Present to
his Lady.

Jul. Peace, stand aside, the Company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not; I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning Drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's Well.

Thu. Farewel.

[*Ex. Thu. and Music.*]

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good Even to your Ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your Musick, Gentlemen:
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, Lady, if you knew his pure Heart's Truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his Voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle Lady, and your Servant.

Sil. What's your Will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your Wish; my Will is ever this,

That

That presently thou hie you home to Bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal Man,
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy Flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy Vows?
Return, return, and make thy Love amends,
For me, by this pale Queen of Night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy Request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful Suit;
And, by and by, intend to chide my self,
Even for this Time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet Love, that I did love a Lady,
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet *Valentine*, thy Friend,
Survives; to whom, thy self art Witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy Importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his Grave,
Assure thy self, my Love is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the Earth.

Sil. Go to thy Lady's Grave, and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in hers Sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your Heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my Love,
The Picture that is hanging in your Chamber:
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the Substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a Shadow;
And to your Shadow will I make true Love.

Jul. If 'twere a Substance you would sure deceive it,
And make it but a Shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your Idol, Sir;
But since your Falshood shall become you well,
To worship Shadows, and adore false Shapes,
Send to me in the Morning, and I'll send it:
And so good Rest.

Pro. As Wretches have o'er Night.
That wait for Execution in the Morn. [*Exe. Pro. and Sil.*

Jul.

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my Hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you where lies Sir *Protheus*?

Host. Marry, at my House:

Trust me, I think 'tis almost Day.

Jul. Not so: but it hath been the longest Night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the Hour that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call and know her Mind:
There's some great Matter ſhe'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam.

Enter Silvia above.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your Servant and your Friend;
One that attends your Ladyſhip's Command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thouſand times Good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy Lady, to your ſelf:
According to your Ladyſhip's Impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what Service
It is your Pleaſure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamour*, thou art a Gentleman;
Think not I flatter, for I ſwear I do not;
Valiant, wiſe, remorseful, well accompliſh'd;
Thou art not ignorant what dear good Will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my Father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very Soul abhorr'd.
Thy ſelf haſt lov'd, and I have heard thee ſay,
No Grief did come ſo near thy Heart,
As when thy Lady and thy true Love dy'd;
Upon whoſe Grave thou vow'd'ſt pure Chſtity.
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I hear he makes Abode:
And, for the Ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy Company;
Upon whoſe Faith and Honour I repoſe.
Urge not my Father's Anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my Crief, a Lady's Grief,

And

And on the Justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy Match,
Which Heav'n and Fortune still rewards with Plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a Heart
As full of Sorrows as the Sea of Sands,
To bear me Company, and go with me :
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your Grievances ;
Which, since I know, they virtuously are plac'd,
I give Consent to go along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go ?

Sil. This Evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At Friar *Patrick's* Cell ;
Where I intend holy Confession.

Egl. I will not fail your Ladyship :
Good-morrow, gentle Lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Launce.

Laun. When a Man's Servant shall play the Cur with him, look you, it goes hard : One that I brought up of a Puppy, one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind Brothers and Sisters went to it ! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a Dog. I was sent to deliver him as a Present to Mrs. *Silvia*, from my Master ; and I came no sooner into the Dining-Chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher, and steals her Capon's Leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a Cur cannot keep himself in all Companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a Dog indeed, to be, as it were, a Dog at all things. If I had not had more Wit than he to take a Fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't, sure as I live he had suffer'd for't ; you shall judge : He thrusts me himself into the Company of three or four more Gentleman-like Dogs, under the Duke's Table ; he had not been
C there

there, bless the Mark, a pissing while, but all the Chamber smelt him : Out with the Dog, says one ; what Cur is that ? says another ; whip him out, says the third ; hang him up, says the Duke : I having been acquainted with the Smell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the Fellow that whips the Dogs ; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the Dog ? Ay marry do I, quoth he. You do him the more Wrong, quoth I ; 'twas I did the thing you wot of ; he makes no more ado, but whips me out of the Chamber. How many Masters would do this for his Servant ? Nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the Stocks for Puddings he hath stoll'n, otherwise he had been executed ; I have stood on the Pillory for Geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer for't : Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the Trick you serv'd me when I took my Leave of Madam *Silvia* ; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do ? When didst thou see me heave up my Leg, and make Water against a Gentlewoman's Farthingale ? Didst thou ever see me do such a Trick ?

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy Name ? I like thee well, And will imploy thee in some Service presently,

Jul. In what you please: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.

How now, you Whore-son Peasant, Where have you been these two Days loitering ?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carr'd Mistress *Silvia* the Dog you bad me.

Pro. And what says she to my little Jewel ?

Laun. Marry, she says, your Dog was a Cur, and tells you, currish Thanks is good enough for such a Present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my Dog ?

Laun. No indeed she did not :

Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, did'st thou offer her this from me ?

Laun. Ay Sir: the other Squirrel was stoll'n from me By the Hangman's Boy in the Market-Place ; And then I offer'd her mine own, who is a Dog.

As big as ten of yours, and therefore the Gift the greater.

Pro. Go get the hence, and find my Dog again,

Or

Or ne'er return again into my Sight :
 Away, I say ; stay'it thou to vex me here ?
 A Slave, that still an end turns me to Shame. [*Exit. Laun.*
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
 Partly that I have need of such a Youth,
 That can with some Discretion do my Business ;
 For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish Lowt :
 But chiefly for thy Face and thy Behaviour,
 Which, if my Augury deceive me not,
 Witness good bringing up, Fortune and Truth :
 'Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
 Go presently, and take this Ring with thee ;
 Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.
 She lov'd me well, that deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her Token :
 She is dead belike.

Pro. Not so : I think she lives.

Jul. Alas !

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas ?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her ?

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her ?

Jul. Because methinks, that she lov'd you as well
 As you do love your Lady *Silvia* :
 She dreams on him that has forgot her Love ;
 You deat on her that cares not for your Love.
 'Tis pity Love should be so contrary ;
 And thinking on it makes me cry alas !

Pro. Well, give her that Ring, and therewithal
 This Letter ; that's her Chamber : Tell my Lady,
 I claim the Promise for her heav'nly Picture,
 Your Message done, hye home unto my Chamber,
 Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit. Pro.*

Jul. How many Women would do such a Message ?
 Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd
 A Fox to be the Shepherd of thy Lambs :
 Alas, poor Fool, why do I pity him
 That with his very Heart despiseth me ;
 Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;
 Because I love him, I must pity him.
 This Ring I gave him when he parted from me,
 To bind him to remember my good Will ;
 And now I am, unhappy Messenger,
 To plead for that which I would not obtain ;
 To carry that which I would have refused ;

To praise his Faith, which I would have disprais'd,
 I am my Master's true confirmed Love,
 But cannot be true Servant to my Master,
 Unless I prove false Traitor to my self :
 Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
 As, Heav'n it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Gentlewoman, good Day ; I pray you be my mean
 To bring me were to speak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she ?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your Patience
 To hear me speak the Message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my Master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh ! he sends you for a Picture ?

Jul. Ay Madam.

Sil. *Ursula*, bring my Picture there.

Go, give your Master this ; tell him from me,
 One *Julia*, that his changing Thoughts forget,
 Would better fit his Chamber than this Shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this Letter.
 Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
 Deliver'd you a Paper that I should not ;
 This is the Letter to your Ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be ; good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold ;

I will not look upon your Master's Lines,
 I know they are stuff'd with Protestations,
 And full of new-found Oaths, which he will break,
 As easy as I do tear his Paper.

Jul. Madam he sends your Ladyship this Ring.

Sil. The more Shame for him that he sends it me ;
 For I have heard him say a thousand times,
 His *Julia* gave it him at his Departure :
 'Tho' his false Finger have prophan'd the Ring,
 Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much Wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her ;
 Poor Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul.

Jul. Almost as well as I do know my self.
To think upon her Woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsok her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of Sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is;
When she did think my Master lov'd her well,
She, in my Judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her Looking-Glass,
And threw her Sun-expelling Mask away,
The Air hath starv'd the Roses in her Cheeks,
And pinch'd the Lilly-Tincture of her Face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my Stature: For at *Pentecost*,
When all our Pageants of Delight were plaid,
Our Youth got me to play the Woman's Part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia's* Gown,
Which served me as fit, by all Mens Judgments,
As if the Garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable Part.

Madam, 'twas *Ariadne* passioning
For *Theseus* Perjury, and unjust Flight;
Which I so lively acted with my Tears,
That my poor Mistrefs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in Thought felt not her very Sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle Youth.

Alas, poor Lady! desolate and left;

I weep my self to think upon thy Words.

Here Youth, there is a Purse: I give thee this

For thy sweet Mistrefs sake, because thou lov'st her,

Farewel.

[*Exit Silvia.*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
A virtuous Gentlewoman, mild and beautiful. [her.
I hope my Master's Suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistrefs Love so much.
Alas! how Love can trifle with it self!
Here is her Picture; let me see; I think,
If I had such a Tire, this Face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.

And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless *I* flatter with my self too much.
 Her Hair is Auburn, mine is perfect Yellow.
 If that be all the Difference in his Love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd Perriwig.
 Her Eyes are grey as Grass, and so are mine ;
 Ay, but her Forehead's low, and mine's as high,
 What should it be that he respects in her,
 But *I* can make respective in my self,
 If this fond Love were not a blinded God ?
 Come, Shadow, come, and take this Shadow up ;
 For 'tis thy Rival. O thou senseless Form,
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd ;
 And were there Sense in his Idolatry,
 My Substance should be Statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy Mistress sake,
 That us'd me so ; or else, by *Jove* I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing Eyes,
 To make my Master out of Love with thee. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. **T**HE Sun begins to gild the Western Sky,
 And now it is about the very Hour
 That *Silvia*, at Friar *Patrick's* Cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail ; for Lovers break not Hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time :
 So much they spur their Expedition.
 See where she comes. Lady, a happy Evening.

Enter Silvia,

Sil. *Amen, Amen :* Go on, good *Eglamour*,
 Out at the Postern by the Abby-wall ;
 I fear I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Fear not ; the Forrest is not three Leagues off ;
 If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Thurio, Protheus and Julia.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*, what says *Silvia* to my Suit ?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was,
 And yet she takes Exceptions at your Person.

Thu. What, that my Leg is too long ?

Pro. No ; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a Boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But Love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my Face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the Wanton lies; my Face is black.

Pro. But Pearls are fair; and the old Saying is,
Black Men are Pearls in beauteous Ladies Eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such Pearls as put out Ladies Eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.

Thu. How likes she my Discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of War.

Thu. But well when I discourse of Love and Peace.

Jul. But better indeed when you hold your Peace.

Thu. What says she to my Valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it Cowardise.

Thu. What says she to my Birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a Gentleman to a Fool.

Thu. Considers she my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an Afs should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus*? how now, *Thurio*?
Which of you saw Sir *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my Daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then

She's fled unto the Peasant *Valentine*;

And *Eglamour* is in her Company:

'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,

As he, in Penance, wander'd through the Forrest:

Him he knew well, and guest that it was she;

But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides, she did intend Confession

At *Patick's* Cell this Even, and there she was not:

These Likelihoods confirm her Flight from hence.

Therefore I pray you stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon

Upon the Rising of the Mountain Foot
That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled,
Dispatch, sweet Gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit Duke.*]

Thu. Why this it is to be a peevish Girl,
That flies her Fortune where it follows her :
I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,
Than for the Love of wreckless *Silvia*.

Pro. And *I* will follow, more for *Silvia's* Love,
Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Jul. And *I* will follow, more to cross that Love,
Than Hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for Love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Come, come, be patient ;
We must bring you to our Captain.

Sil. A thousand more Mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her ?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us ;
But *Moyes* and *Valerius* follow him.

Go thou with her to the West end of the Wood,
There is our Captain : We'll follow him that's fled.
The Thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, *I* must bring you to our Captain's Cave,
Fear not ; he bears an honourable Mind,
And will not use a Woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine* ! this *I* endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How Use doth breed a Habit in a Man !
This shadowy Defart, unfrequented Woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled Towns,
Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the Nightingale's complaining Notes
Tune my Distresses, and record my Woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my Breast,
Leave not the Mansion so long Tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the Building fall,

And

And leave no Memory of what it was.
 Repair me with thy Presence, *Silvia*.
 Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy forlorn Swain.
 What Hollowing, and what Stir is this to Day?
 These are my Mates, that make their Wills their Law,
 Have some unhappy Passenger in chase.
 They love me well, yet I have much to do
 To keep them from uncivil Outrages.
 Withdraw thee *Valentine*: Who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this Service have I done for you,
 Tho' you respect not ought your Servant doth,
 To hazard Life, and rescue you from him
 That wou'd have forc'd your Honour and your Love.
 Vouchsafe me for my Meed but one fair Look,
 A smaller Boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this I'm sure you cannot give.

Val. How like a Dream is this? I see and hear:
 Love, lend me Patience to forbear a-while.

Sil. O miserable unhappy that I am.

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
 But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy Approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your Presence.

[*Aside.*]

Syl. Had I been seiz'd by a hungry Lion,
 I wou'd I had been a Breakfast to the Beast,
 Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
 Oh Heav'n be Judge how I love *Valentine*,
 Whose Life's as tender to me as my Soul;
 And full as much, for more there cannot be,
 I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus*;
 Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous Action, stood it next to Death,
 Would I not undergo for one calm Look?
 Oh, 'tis the Curse in Love, and still approv'd,
 When Women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's belov'd.
 Read over *Julia's* Heart, thy first best Love,
 For whose dear Sake thou didst then rend thy Faith
 Into a thousand Oaths; and all those Oaths
 Descended into Perjury to deceive me.
 Thou hast no Faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
 And that's far worse than none: Better have none

And

Than plural Faith, which is too much by one ;
Thou Counterfeit to thy true Friend.

Pro. In Love,
Who respects Friend ?

Sil. All Men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle Spirit of moving Words
Can no way change you to a milder Form ;
I'll move you like a Soldier, at Arm's end,
And love you 'gainst the Nature of Love ; force ye.

Sil. Oh Heav'n !

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my Desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil Touch,
Thou Friend of an ill Fashion.

Pro. *Valentine* !

Val. Thou common Friend, that's without Faith or Love ;
For such is a Friend now : Thou treacherous Man !
Thou hast beguild my Hopes ; nought but mine Eye
Could have perswaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one Friend alive ; thou would'st disprove me :
Who should be trusted now, when one's Right-hand
Is perjur'd to the Bosom ? *Protheus*,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the World a Stranger for thy Sake.
The private Wound is deepest. Oh time, most accurst !
'Mongst all Foes, that a Friend should be the worst !

Pro. My Shame and Guilt confound me :
Forgive me, *Valentine* ; if hearty Sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransom for Offence,
I tender't here ; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid :
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by Repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of Heav'n nor of Earth, for these are pleas'd ;
By Penitence th' Eternal's Wrath's appeas'd.
And that my Love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy !

Pro. Look to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy ?

Why Whag, how now ? what's the Matter ? look up ;
speak.

Jul. O good Sir, my Master charg'd me to deliver a
Ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my Neglect, was
never done.

Pro.

Pro. Where is that Ring, Boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; This is it.

Pro. How? let me see:

Why, this is the Ring *I* gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy, Sir, *I* have mistook;
This is the Ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this Ring? at my Depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* herself did give it me.
And *Julia* herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia*?

Jul. Behold her that gave Aim to all thy Oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her Heart:
How oft hast thou with Perjury cleft the Root?
Oh *Protheus*, let this Habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd that *I* have took upon me
Such an immodest Rayment. If Shame live
In a Disguise of Love.

It is the lesser Blot Modesty finds,
Women to change their Shapes, than Men their Minds.

Pro. Than Men their Minds? 'Tis true, oh Heav'n,
were Man

But constant, he were perfect; that one Error
Fills him with Faults, makes him run through all th'Sins:
Inconstancy falls off e're it begins.

What is in *Silvia*'s Face, but *I* may spy
More fresh in *Julia*'s with a constant Eye?

Val. Come, come; a Hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy Close;
'Twere pity two such Friends should be long Foes.

Pro. Bear Witness, Heav'n, *I* have my Wish for ever.

Jul. And *I* mine

Enter Duke, Thurio and Out-laws

Out. A Prize, a Prize, a Prize.

Val. Forbear, forbear, *I* say: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is Welcome to a Man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.

Du. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: And *Silvia*'s mine.

Val. *Thurio*, give back; or else embrace thy Death:
Come not within the measure of my Wrath.
Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands,
Take but Possession of her with a Touch:

I dare

60 *The two Gentlemen, &c.*

I dare thee but to breathe upon my Love.

*Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I
I hold him but a Fool that will endanger
His Body for a Girl that loves him not:
I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.*

*Du. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight Conditions.
Now, by the Honour of my Ancestry,
I do applaud thy Spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an Empress' Love:
Know then, I here forget all former Grievs,
Cancel all Grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new State in thy arriv'd Merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her:*

*Val. I thank your Grace; the Gift hath made me hap-
I now beseech you, for your Daughters sake, [Exy,
To grant one Boon that I shall ask of you.*

Du. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

*Val. These banish'd Men that I have kept withal,
Are Men endu'd with worthy Qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile.
They are reform'd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great Employment, worthy Lord.*

*Du. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Dispose of them as thou know'st their Deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all Jars
With Triumphs, Mirth, and all Solemnity.*

*Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our Discourse to make your Grace to smile,
What think you of this Page, my Lord?*

Du. I think the Boy hath Grace in him, he blushes:

Val. I warrant you, my Lord, more Grace than Boy.

Du. What mean you by that Saying!

*Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.*

*Come Protheus, 'tis your Penance but to hear
The Story of your Loves discovered:*

*That done, our Day of Marriage shall be yours,
One Feast, one House, one mutual Happiness. [Ex. om.*

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